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STUDENT REVIEW

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from the A&L Editor: Let's Talk Dirty about Selections

Last week, Student Advisory Council (SAC) chair Steve Turley was barred from running for BYUSA president by that grand-daddy of BYU secret combinations, the BYUSA Selections committee.

That event set a match to a lot of dry wood that's been piling up under the controversial Selections process—a system whereby a secret, select committee screens out all the "inappropriate" candidates for BYUSA president. Most of us simple folks never hear the dirty details about what goes on behind those great closed Selections doors, and the *Universe* can't print names and details for fear of repercussion.

Well, let's talk dirty about what happened in this year's Selections.

This year, the selections committee consisted of now-BYUSA President Jason Hall, Student Life Dean Maren Mouritsen, BYU-USA/Instructor Honor Code reform queen Kristen Smith, Dean of Religion Robert Millet, SAC member John Eskerson, SAC member Scott Davies, three randomly selected students, and Catherine Burnham, a new member of the Clothing and Textiles faculty. In order to be approved as a BYUSA presidential candidate, you must be interviewed by this committee to be sure that your "vision" for BYUSA squares with the committee's "vision" and you must receive a unanimous committee vote.

If you know Steve Turley, you know why he was eliminated. Turley is an aggressive, intense, forward-thinking leader. Steve didn't buy into the think-alike/smile-alike BYUSA farm team program. While all of the other current presidential candidates were busy designing flyers, dreaming up slogans, and planning neat-o activities, Turley was researching issues, uncovering problems, and formulating solutions. Dangerous work. Could make someone enemies.

You think about it. One of SAC's projects was to research and propose a pass/fail system for grading religion classes, an idea vehemently opposed by religion faculty. Who voted on Turley's nomination? Robert Millet, arch-conservative Dean of Religion.

Next point: SAC proposals have to pass through "channels"—namely, the BYUSA president's office—before going further. It's no secret that Jason Hall wasn't entirely comfortable with some of the work of his more fiery roommates. And it's no secret that Hall and Turley clashed over SAC-Presidency relations more than once. Who voted on Turley's nomination? Jason Hall.

Next point: Jason Hall and Maren Mouritsen are known to see eye-to-eye. And Mouritsen is an old friend of Kristen Smith's mother. Mouritsen, in fact, appointed Kristen to chair the Honor Code restructuring process. Close ties, close friends. Who voted on maverick Turley's nomination? The Smith-Hall-Mouritsen BYUSA-triumvirate.

Smith-Mouritsen-Hall-Millet. Any one of those votes was enough to eliminate Turley from consideration. Other voters—the randomly-selected students and Burnham—probably had no idea that all of this politicking was afoot. The SAC-members on committee knew all too well. Insiders say that Eskerson, a freshman, was very frustrated with a process that expected him to pass judgement on a candidate based on a twenty-minute interview.

Even Student Life Vice President R.J. Snow was concerned enough to come down from the ASB and witness the Selections sound and fury for himself. Snow expressed concern in the *Universe* about the process: "I think we've given [the Selections committee] an almost impossible task. ... They're asked to make some of the voters' decisions for them."

In the wake of Turley's elimination, dedicated SAC personnel—the people who do in-depth research on issues like class size, pass/fail religion grading, parking, and faculty preview; the people who lobbied for lights on Maeser Hill, Safe Ride, and the Women's Resource Center; basically, the few people in BYUSA who do work that really affects the majority of the student body—these people are quiting BYUSA, frustrated.

The Steve Turley incident has brought to light the problem with BYUSA and Selections. If the sweet-'n'-dreamy BYUSA-vision isn't broad enough to include a more pragmatic, progressive approach, then a lot of SAC's good work—the real work of student government—is doomed. And what's left? You visit the campaign booths yourself. Mostly support for the traditional BYUSA way. Inispid, chipper slogans—"Lead with you, not over you." "Make it great."

Hello, McBYUSA? One president to go please. No special sauce, extra cheese.

No one wants to put up with Selections politics any more. Of course, SAC has been researching alternatives to Selections since last May, developing proposals which have been shelved or ignored until now.

Sad thing—those proposals must be passed by the same people who sit on the Selections committee and benefit from the current semi-incestuous, closed system.

And those folks will never eliminate Selections unless the heat is on so high that they can't get away with letting Selections last another year.

Hope this article contributes to the fire.

Burn, baby, burn.

UPB

FACES

Repentance Camel Runs for BYUSA President: An Exclusive SR Interview



The Repentance Camel's face is becoming more and more recognizable among students on the BYU campus. After his initial appearance on the fifth floor of the library, shouting repentance to the social sinners of librarydom, it seems he is here to stay. His goal appears to be to bring the masses at BYU to repentance and teach them the joys of catharsis. You will probably be seeing a lot of him around campus this semester, so we thought it appropriate to conduct an interview for you to better understand this complex creature. (The Repentance Camel's spoken vocabulary includes only the word "repent!" but his interpreter Ali-ska-ba is able to translate his hoof stoms.)

SR: Where did you come from, Repentance Camel?

RC: Originally, I'm from Sardikkarim, a small suburb of the Bangladeshi capital of Dhaka. As a young camel, I was very rebellious and went around constantly wreaking havoc and spitting in the face of authority. I got my big break when I learned tap dance and began touring the topless bars of Dhaka. A talent scout from Philip Morris Corporation was visiting Dhaka and saw me in a club doing my famous *Flashdance* vinegar and oil routine. The next thing I knew, I was "Joe Camel's" double and before long ole Joe Camel passed away and I became the star of the cigarette industry. Life in Hollywood was never easy for me. I started running around

with the Black Stallion and things went downhill quickly. I got into different kinds of grains and smuggling illegal liquor across the border in my hump. I ended up at the Hemet Correctional Facility for Livestock without a cent to my name and having disgraced my family in Bangladesh.

SR: What caused you to become the Repentance Camel?

RC: I got out of the facility and started wandering the

RC: The Three Camels told me to cry repentance unto this campus for the rest of my life. That's what I intend to do as the next BYUSA president.

SR: So you plan to become BYUSA president?

RC: Yes, I do.

SR: What are the aims of your possible presidency?

RC: My main goal is the mass repentance of the BYU community. I intend to

SR: And what other things?

RC: That's all.

SR: Do you get any hassles for violating standards by not wearing any cover except for your decorative camel towel?

RC: I get stopped a lot but I don't get any problems because I have one of the lesser known "domesticated animal" cards that really gives me lot of special privileges.

SR: Do you plan to settle

area. Hopefully I'll meet some female camels when the circus comes through.

SR: Do you think there might be a better way to go about your task?

RC: I don't understand everything, but I do understand some things. The time has come for action. What better way to bring the sinful masses to repentance than having a camel that has seen the light preach to them? I realize it's an unusual circumstance, but there was a yak sent to the Quad-Cities area in 1957 and a llama sent to Winnipeg in 1973.

SR: How effective do you think this will be?

RC: I can only hope that people will be willing to listen and heed my call. I will also be offering free camel rides in the quad to build relationships of trust. I'm here to help those that need me, and there are a lot more of you out there than you think!

SR: Do have anything you would like to say to the students that doubt the validity of your mission?

RC: Repent! Repent! Repent!



deserts of Death Valley to get back to my roots. I had been wandering for weeks and weeks when I came upon the biggest, greenest oasis I had ever seen. I ran to get a long awaited drink and stopped dead in my tracks when I saw three camels floating in the air above me that defied all description. They told me that they were the camels of the Magi and they had an important message for me. I was told of another desert, one which was not just barren of vegetation, but of repentance. For the next two months I lived at the oasis, with the Three Camels coming every night to teach me. At last they pointed me in the direction of I-15. I hitched up to Provo to fulfill my calling.

SR: What are your plans for the future, and how long can we expect you to stay at BYU?

implement a massive hands-on plan in which I will travel the campus weekly, reminding people to repent when they most need it.

down any time soon and have some camelets of your own?

RC: There really isn't a big singles scene for camels in this

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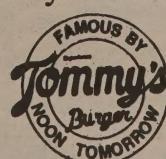
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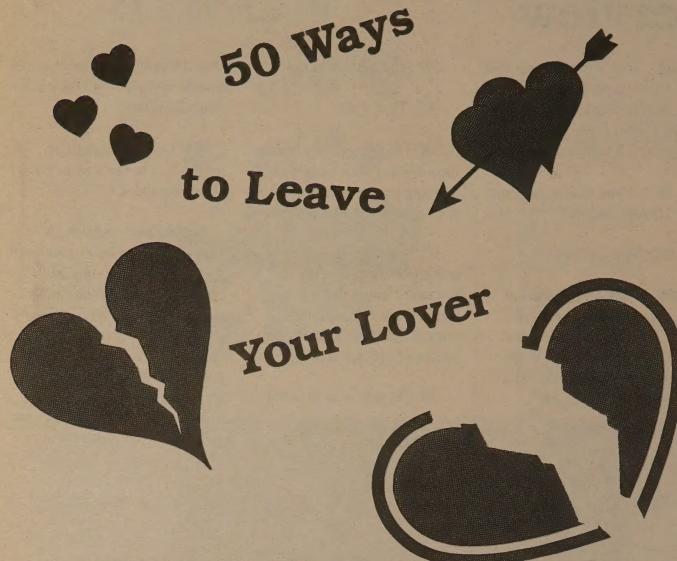
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by Kathryn Wallace

It's February, the blasé month at the heart of the harsh winter. Wait, did I use the word heart? Ah yes, February 14, the only day that could quicken the pulse in the otherwise dreary winter. Valentine's Day—the romantic's sweet dream and the disillusioned lover's unparalleled nightmare. But wait, if you are caught in a dead-end relationship, Heart Day is your ticket to ride.

It is easier to rid yourself of annoying romantic entanglements at this time of year than any other. The following information is not for the squeamish, so don't attempt any of the suggestions unless you positively want out.

First, remember romance is in the air, so you need to exude the antithesis of romance to illustrate the vast gap between yourself and acceptable

romantic behavior. This means flatulence, horror movies, dinners of bite-size weenies and crotch-scratching. Belch when he/she talks on quiet walks through the park or candle-lit dinners. Sneeze in her/his face when it looks like a kiss is imminent. Chew with your mouth open, forget hygiene, dress to disgust. It's your time to shine; I mean grease, and lots of it. Keep your hair in that fragile stage between deep-fat frying and "the wet look." Go on long drives in the country. Find a field reeking of manure and other barnyard scents. Stop and park. Look long and searchingly in your partner's eyes and say softly, "That was you, wasn't it?"

I just touched upon the second tip—embarrassment. Apply it liberally. If you have to shame yourself a little, you'll still be grateful later. Yes, I mean going public. The

above tips are for the intimate moments between you and that special someone, but you gotta get out sometime, and what better way to exhibit how disgusting you truly are? Pick your nose. In the car, during church, when you meet the parents. Put something green between your front teeth, have a long piece of toilet paper waft gently from your waistband. Talk about body functions. Confide in him/her loudly and publicly your fears about hemorrhoids. Let down the facial hair, male and female alike.

You may get strange looks from others, but don't let this put a damper on things. Look at this as another Golden Opportunity. If people stare, ask them loudly and abusively what they are looking at while adding a colorful adjective about their appearance, i.e., "What are you looking at four-eyes?" Or fatty, or crater face,

or poohy boy... Pull your fist back as if to attack anyone who watches too long. Talk about what you would do to people if you weren't afraid of the law.

Most importantly, scoff loudly at Valentine's Day. Sure, you may lose out on a good present, but in the long run isn't your freedom more valuable than a flower in a balloon or a bag of gummy worms from Smiths?

After you've made yourself look as insensitive as humanly possible, it won't be long before you get that "little talk" about other fish in the sea, blah blah blah. You may ask why go to the trouble? Why not break it off the old fashioned way and tell a friend to tell his/her friend they saw you kissing another person? No, that's too low for me. I think of my method as the pacifist way to end a relationship.

Make them think they are

breaking it off with you.

Positively affirm their feelings of self-worth. It makes me feel good when I make another person feel good. It's just my way of saying Happy Valentine's Day.

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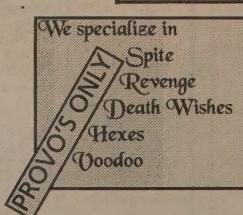
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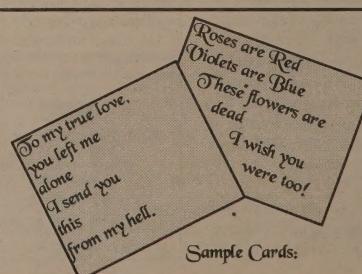
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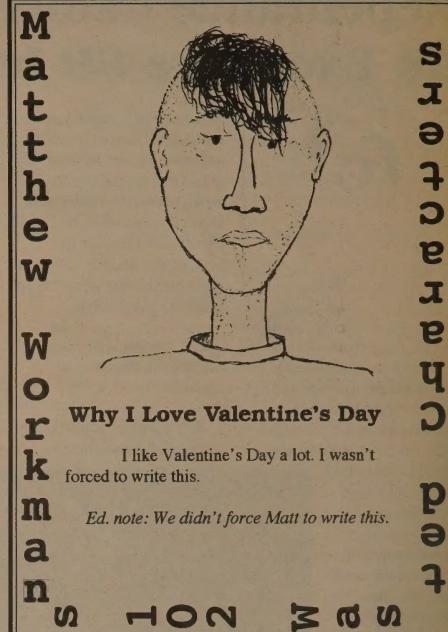
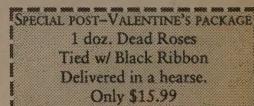
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Sample Cards.



Why I Love Valentine's Day

I like Valentine's Day a lot. I wasn't forced to write this.

Ed. note: We didn't force Matt to write this.

ted
Charette

VD at BYU?

by Jennifer Rigo

When I think of Valentine's Day, I usually think of something that wouldn't normally pop into other people's heads: V.D. Back in high school, my best friend, Jenni, decided to do away with Valentine's Day because it was a waste of time. She felt it her duty as a politically correct person to do something productive with the holiday—something that could benefit and change the world. What better way than to celebrate V.D. day? Love doesn't exist, only lust, she argued. Why should we celebrate a hypocrisy? She proposed that as a result of Valentine's Day lust, more people engage in encounters with various and strange people which can easily result in a V.D. epidemic.

My friend Jenni was eccentric, to say the least. But I went along with her plan. Anything was preferable to a traditional Valentine's Day. We didn't celebrate V.D. day with joy. (Can you imagine? Syphilis! Yeah! Herpes! Yippee!) No, no. We only wanted to promote awareness and shock a few people.

The first thing we had to do to establish credibility was to commercialize our holiday. We sought the equivalent of the Valentine card. What would people give away on V.D. day? Protection, of course. So, we experimented with names. Rubbertine? No. Prophylactine? No, too wordy. Trojanite? No, copyright problems. Let's see, give the one you love desire a ... condomine! Eureka! We had found a name. But we

really didn't give out condomines. They were too expensive, even for a good joke. So it became our extended inside joke. People would give us plenty of Valentine greeting cards and cheer, to which we would smile sweetly and say, "Happy V.D. to you, too."

Towards the end of the summer, Jenni and I parted to go our merry ways: she to granola heaven, Colorado College, and I to ... well, you know. Jenni wanted to make a pact that we would always uphold and celebrate V.D. day in our respective colleges.

"Uh, Jenni, Mormons set a lot in store for Valentine's. It's their time to shine. I think they might be slightly perturbed at the connection between icky, nasty V.D. and sweet, lovey Valentine's Day."

I cringed, waiting for her reaction. She stared at me in outrage. I had said the V-word ... twice.

"Jenni," she said in a miffed tone.

"What, Jenni," I said.

"Jenni, you can't abandon V.D. festivities. It's ... (she struggled for the right word) tradition." Triumphant, she smiled at me.

"Jenni," I said very seriously, "we thought of it this year. That does not constitute a tradition."

"Coward, traitor, liar," she replied.

"Jenni, it would be suicide to say those two letters at BYU."

"Coward, traitor, liar."

Finally, in sheer exasperation I yelled, "Jenni, there is no need for V.D. celebration." She looked horrified. "... at BYU." I

hastily added, "There is no V.D. epidemic ravaging the BYU campus."

She was absolutely mystified. She asked, "How is this accomplished? Safe sex?"

I smiled broadly as I recognized a missionary moment.

"Abstinence."

She looked incredulously at me. "You abstain from sex?"

I nodded.

Her voice scaled upwards, "Always?"

"Till marriage," I reassured her.

She mused to herself, "and all this time I thought that Mormons couldn't have sex until they were sixteen." I smothered a laugh as I began to expound on the significance of Valentine's Day to the Mormon pop culture, how it was a way to focus on the eternal, true feelings of love rather than the world's interpretation. It was a way to concentrate on love rather than lust. Then I explained how the holiday is corrupted today because of the way love is treated so lightly, which accounted for my Valentine's Day inactivity.

She marveled at my story and yes, eventually she did forgive me. Currently Jenni continues to spread the word of V.D. day on her college campus, while I am considering changing Valentine's Day to Jennifer Rigo's Birthday Eve.

[Ed. note: We can take a hint and would like to wish Jenni a very happy and healthy birthday.]

Eavesdroppings

Somewhere in Liberty Square, January 26, 4:15 p.m.

One roommate to another: "I haven't kissed him yet, but I've slept with him."

West side of Kennedy Center, January 27, 10:53 a.m.

Student to friend: "I know nothing about potatoes. I'm so stressed."

Mama's Cafe, January 28, 11:30 a.m.

Woman to group of friends: "I'm so tired ... not because I study, because I'm stupid."

West Provo Ward Building, January 24, 1:10 p.m.

One man to another: "We fight so much, if we weren't married we'd probably break up and get back together in three months."

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Parochial School

7:30pm
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by Hamza Yusuf,
prayer leader of the
Mosque of San Francisco

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11:00am
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including all guest speakers

1:30pm
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Things To Do Alone on Valentine's Day

- Decorate random cars with "Just Married" paraphernalia.
- Clean out your closet, refrigerator, ear, etc.
- Pull tops off roses.
- Stake out balloon shops, pin in hand.
- Make Valentine's Day sympathy cards.
- Dress up like Cupid and wander around campus.
- Rebuild your engine.
- Study.
- Watch reruns of The Dating Game, Love Connection, or Studs and play at home.
- Check out all the Harlequin Romances from the library.
- Ask someone out and then tell them you're a cannibal.
- Take a bite out of every one of your roommate's chocolates and leave them on the heating vent.
- Give blood.
- Count your blessings.



Dear CRABBY

Dear Crabby,

Valentine's Day is Sunday and I'm lamenting the many sweetheart days spent without my Celestial mate. Each year I cry on the pillows I made in MIA Maids so long ago, and dry my eyes with the white handkerchief my mission president gave me before I left Zaire. How can I celebrate yet another loverless holiday?

— Claudette

Claudie,

Stop the sniffles, sweetheart. The only V-day I've spent not surrounded by beaus was way back in 1982 when my lovecakes, Ramone, spent the hedonistic holiday in the Tijuana jail. Don't boohoo on poorly stitched Church crafts; do something! Why, I remember the year I went to the school dance where only those sappy enough to wear taffeta and polyester were admitted. Posing as a cupid (armed with Ex-Lax laced chocolate candy hearts) I flitted around spreading love and diarrhea. A vengeful smile flashed across my face each time I heard, "How sweet." I hear that several paganistic wing-dings are planned this year... many a love-and-chocolate monger will attend. Just the thought of soiled taffeta should put ideas into your head!

— Da Crabstabah

Dear Crabby,

I am totally in love with Lisa. She is everything most important to me—the centerpiece of my table arrangement, that little plastic thing that keeps the cheese on my pizza from sticking to my box, the little cardboard thing in the middle of my toilet paper roll! I want to somehow show her my undying love this Feb. 14th. Any unique ideas?

— Mark

Dear Sapster,

Well, DON'T write her a poem or letter or anything; you'd just embarrass yourself, comparing her to bathroom products—REALLY! For a minimal portion of your piddly salary, you can use my inspired words to convey your devotion. "You, my love...make my throat constrict so that I feel I might choke and hurl..." And CrabbyCards have a guarantee—they will get you exactly what you deserve.

— Crabby

Top Twenty

1. "We Thank Thee O God For Our Prophet"
2. potholders
3. Gloria Steinem
4. shatterproof glass
5. Black Entertainment Television
6. a close shave
7. Pop Tarts in 72-hour kits
8. winning bets
9. headgear
10. short Family Home Evenings
11. sampler Saturdays
12. gullible friends
13. Fruit Stripe gum
14. secret decoder rings
15. Osh Kosh B'Gosh
16. Eros
17. cool bosses
18. foiling object lessons in Sunday School
19. Cinnamon Life
20. elbow-length gloves

Bottom Ten

"Don't mess with the elders of Israel!", potholes, insomnia, getting poked by umbrellas, lost computer files, shaving, overheated classrooms/underheated homes, snorting Pixie Stix, breaking pencil tips, Cher

Love At First Bite



What to Do When Your Valentine's Date Is a Cannibal

by King Kim

It's happened to all of us: that one in a million, very different person is your date for the evening. It could be the fact that he's 7 feet 8 inches tall, or she's 4 feet 2 inches tall, or his tailbone resembles that of a Great Dane, or her halitosis makes a sewage treatment plant smell like an air freshener. Whatever the reason, it is difficult for us to get along with weird dates. But the above examples are trivial. What if you found out that your Valentine's date was a cannibal? Would you scream? Cry? Kill? Or simply put up with it? Whatever you do, here is a simple word of warning: Be careful. You don't know what you're dealing with.

So, how do you know if your date is a cannibal? Well, one way to find out is to

simply ask, "So, are you a cannibal?" If asking this question makes your date extremely nervous or defensive, be suspicious. Some positive replies to this question might be: "Me? Well... N-n-nooo... Ww-w-w-why do y-y-you ask?" Or "NO! I AM A CANNIBAL. DO YOU UNDERSTAND????!!!"

A second way of knowing is if your conversation goes something like this: "Tell me about myself? Well, I'm 23, served a mission in Fiji, majoring in human relations, and I enjoy eating people."

The third way of determining that your date is a cannibal is if they stare at you like you're their next meal. If you say something like: "I'm hungry. Let's go eat," and they immediately turn their head and take silverware out of the glove compartment—leave.

So, your date is a cannibal.

What should you do about it?

Don't:

- Watch *Silence of the Lambs* together.
- Tell cannibal jokes.
- Bring up food or eating.

Talk about something else like skydiving, computers, or why the coyote never gets the road-runner.

Do:

- Pay compliments whenever possible.
- Tell your date that your body is comprised of mostly fat and very little meat.
- Keep your clothes on.
- Leave.

All in all, remember who you are, what you have to live for, and the items mentioned above. This should prevent a premature and unfortunate end to your dating career. You can never be too careful.

WHAT DOES *horror honor* MEAN AT BYU?

To celebrate Honor Code Compliance Week • February 22-27, 1993

The BYU Honor Code Council announces an

ECCLESIASTICAL ENDORSEMENT LOTTERY,

ESSAY COMPETITION,

"A CITY SET IN A HELL"

and THEMATIC POETRY CONTEST

"RAMEUMPTON: NOT JUST A STATE OF MIND."

Deadline: All entries must be accompanied by a letter from the entrant's bishop and stake president—by April 1.

Topic: The rules enforced by the Honor Code Office and the punishment of infractions by any method deemed appropriate.

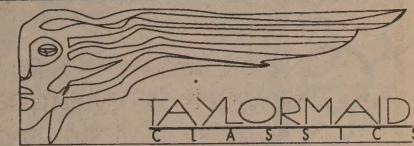
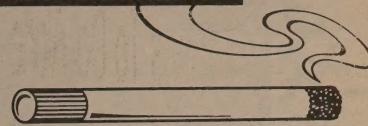
Prizes: 1st Prize—Eternal Ecclesiastical Endorsement, 2nd Prize—Early registration for Spring/Summer, 3rd Prize—Academic probation.

* All others will be ~~expelled~~ dismissed from the University.



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Now, in the Campus Life section of *Student Review*, you'll find the Queen of Crass, the Bitch with a

Bouffant, the Pickle with Pearls, the woman whose mother's only explanation is "Whoops."

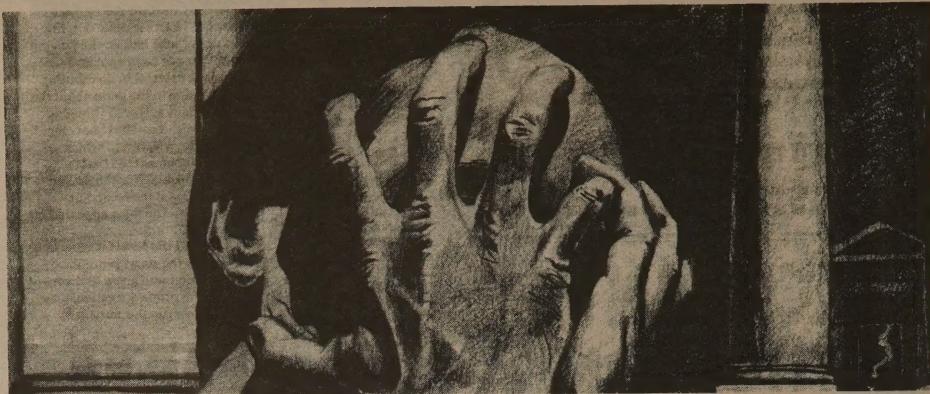
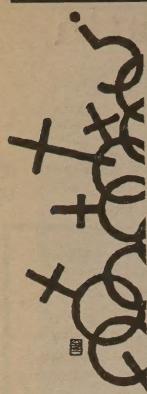
Well, that just makes my hemorrhoids flare!

Dear CRABBY

We dare you to ask her for advice!

"She's Bitchin'!"

Please remember, Crabby is not a licenced professional, although her immediate circle of friends includes many schizophrenics and twelve-step program members. Letters to Crabby should be submitted to *Student Review*, Box 7092, Provo, UT 84602, or drop them in the SR dropbox in 1102 JKHB.



Fear and Loathing in Colorado

by James Cromar

Note: The times, they are a' changin'. In 1987, a piece I wrote for The Daily Universe on birth control earned me a nasty letter from then-University President, Jeffery Holland; two weeks ago, however, the Universe ran an anonymous editorial from a BYU student who is homosexual, and received sympathy and polite applause for doing so. If the very pinnacle of Utah LDS culture, our very own Brigham Young University, can develop maturity in dealing with the tricky issues of sexuality and faith, then there's hope for all of us. Maybe. As the U.S. armed forces struggle to grow up in the face of President Clinton's determination to end the ban against gays in the military, we're pleased to give Student Review readers a feel for what's going on right next door, in Colorado—and maybe distribute some food for thought as well. —R. Fox, Issues and Opinions Editor

I have that missionary zeal again. I want to approach strangers and talk to people I don't know, all because of Coloradans for Family Values and Amendment 2. Coloradans for Family Values (CFV) is a conservative Christian group based in Colorado Springs. Last election year (1992), CFV sponsored an amendment to the Colorado Constitution to prohibit ordinances giving protected status to gays, lesbians, and bisexuals. CFV said that gay people were seeking "special rights." Amendment 2 would cause gay rights laws already in effect to be voided, and would prohibit any new gay rights legislation in Colorado. CFV maintained that existing anti-discrimination laws were sufficient to protect homosexuals (even though recent U.S. Supreme Court rulings indicate the contrary).

Three communities in Colorado (Denver, Boulder and Aspen) had passed local ordinances prohibiting discrimination based on a number of factors, including race, age, gender, religious affiliation, military status, marital status, and sexual orientation. The ordinances targeted discrimination in housing, employment, and public accommodations, among other areas. Governor Roy Romer had also issued

an executive order banning discrimination in the state executive branch, with sexual orientation among the protected categories.

The gay population was not singled out for "special" protection, but was guaranteed equal protection under law. As the Equal Protection Coalition said, "A person can be fired for poor job performance, but not because they are homosexual or heterosexual." These various laws did not obligate employers to hire gay people. Churches were exempt from discrimination laws and allowed to follow their own scriptural interpretations.

Living up to the ideals of "liberty and justice for all" has been an ongoing struggle throughout American history. Various groups have been singled out for discrimination over the centuries, and have had cause to turn to aggressive legal action in order to secure social acceptance and legal recognition of their rights. African-Americans endured slavery and Jim Crow laws before civil rights struggles guaranteed their rights. Women, Native Americans, immigrant groups like Irish, Italians, and Chinese, Jews, Japanese during World War II, Catholics and members of the LDS church have all suffered persecution in America. (Remember that in 1840, the Mormons were so disliked in Missouri that they were expelled.)

CFV's rhetoric blurred the distinction between the civil rights the aforementioned groups fought for, and "special" rights. They implied a connection between gay civil rights, and the perhaps too-extreme civil rights demands of certain African-American and Hispanic groups, which lead to affirmative action and job quotas (such legislation being highly disfavored in rural Colorado). Actually, a better analogy is the civil rights protection given to "invisible" minorities, like Jews or Mormons. These groups didn't seek affirmative action or job quotas, just respect for their Constitutional rights.

Examples of injustice against homosexuals are similar to those of other groups. In the courts, homosexuals, like African-Americans, are automatically suspect. For example, in rural Colorado a young man accused a teacher of sexual assault. The teacher,

a gay man, was found guilty and sent to prison. Later, the accusing youth recanted and said he had made up the story, but by then the teacher had spent two years in prison and his career was ruined. The boy had made up the story because his father had questioned his friendship with "that fag teacher."

Discrimination against homosexuals hits teenagers especially hard. One-third of all teenage suicides are, it is argued by some, committed by youths struggling over the question of sexual orientation. [The figure in Utah, while equally ambiguous, is considerably higher. A representative from the Stonewall Center in Salt Lake estimates it to be closer to one-half. —Ed.] Over one-half of all homeless youth are homosexual, having been thrown out of their homes. And many gay youths drop out of high school because of negative attitudes about homosexuals, evidenced by verbal and physical abuse from classmates.

Homosexuals have had to fight for their legal rights. After many struggles, gays and lesbians have secured their civil rights on the books of more than 100 cities and six states across the country. These laws and ordinances face repeated challenges. After the Denver City Council approved its civil rights ordinance in 1990, the "sexual orientation" provision was challenged, but upheld by voters in a special referendum in 1991.

Despite the growing awareness and acceptance of homosexuals, campaign material from the CFV was fairly successful in giving a slanted view of the homosexual community. The Sunday before the election, videotapes were passed out door to door showing inflammatory footage of the San Francisco Gay Pride parade as evidence of the homosexual threat to family values. While I admit the images were extreme, they were also about as representative of the gay community as footage of a topless dancing bar would be of the heterosexual community.

Amendment 2 was the single most discussed issue last year. And emotions ran high.

The language of the amendment was very confusing, loaded with double and triple-negatives. Reading the amendment closely, however, made it

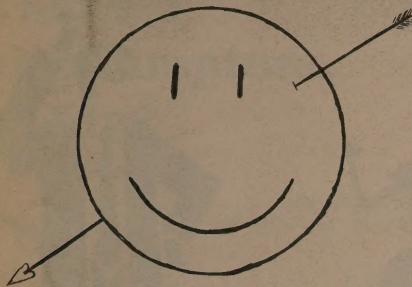
plain that the intention was to legalize local discrimination against gays, lesbians and bisexuals. Opponents to Amendment 2 used the slogan, "Hate is not a family value." The supporters of the amendment claimed hate was not the issue. Yet a certain student, who is gay, and his mother, who is not, would disagree. While they stood on opposite corners of a busy Denver intersection before the election holding signs encouraging a "No" vote on 2, one person slowed his car, rolled down his window, motioned my friend's mother over to his car, then shouted "F— you, dyke!" in her face. That sort of abuse hardly qualifies as "support" for the Amendment.

I admit having had negative impressions of gay people until I got to know one—myself. I had to overcome years of indoctrination about the evil nature of homosexuals before I was able to accept myself. I have felt the fear of coming out, and the burden of being misunderstood. My biggest fear in accepting myself was being rejected by my family and friends. Now my biggest fear is getting beaten up or assaulted simply because I am gay.

I was extremely tense during the months preceding the election; I wanted the election to come so the Amendment 2 could be defeated, just as the previous challenge to the Denver ordinance had been (imagine how you would feel as Election Day approached if it involved the possibility of legal and binding discrimination against any student, past or present, of BYU). When the election arrived, I went with my partner to Mammoth Events Center where the "Vote No on 2" forces had planned a celebration. Balloons were hanging in bags from the ceiling, waiting to be released on the crowd of 1500 people gathered to celebrate the moment of the defeat of the amendment. The diverse crowd of gays and lesbians, hand in hand with many religious and civil rights groups, along with their friends, parents, and children, had worked hard for that moment.

That moment never came. As the night wore on, the possibility of the worst became obvious. Early returns showed Amendment 2 losing by a 20 percent margin. Then the votes from

See "Fear" p. 15



Student Advocate? What Student Advocate?

by **Rebecca Dewey**

Hi. My name's **Rebecca Dewey**. If you don't know (and most of you don't), I'm your **BYUSA Ombudsman** (it's impossible to try to convince people around here to change the name to something gender-neutral, so don't even try—I already have). An **Ombudsman**, by definition, is an individual who provides legal advice and mediates disputes. It's not the most controversial position on the fourth floor of the **ELWC**; we don't get that much attention. But during the months I've held this job, I have seen frustrated **Ombudsman** office volunteers walk away from their positions. And I've considered walking away myself.

Why would I leave a respectable salary and an office of authority? Because I'm sad that I can't do anything more than give you advice and explain how **BYU** policies work. I can't take your side and be your "lawyer." No one up here can. I can't do anything more than tell you, "I'm sorry, that's the way it is. I cannot change the system." If there were a way I could actually take the side of the students that come into my office looking for help, and fight for them, then I might be able to improve some things at this school.

I am not allowed, as **Ombudsman**, to be biased in any way. I violate official neutrality if I take the side of any student who comes to me for assistance or explanation. I wish I could be biased. Someone should be.

BYU deserves student advocates who will work for the students—take their side and actually work with (or fight against) the system on their behalf. The **Student Advisory Council** should be the voice of the student body as a whole and advocate general student needs, but the **SAC** cannot advocate the needs of each or even any one individual student. We need to be that personal advocate.

Picture this: you're taking a class, and halfway into the semester, the teachers announces the first midterm will be moved up a week from the date listed on the syllabus. You're busy. Your schedule is such that you don't have enough time to study, and you fail the test, which causes you to get a "C" in the class. What can you do? If you had one, you could go to the **Student Advocate's Office**! You want to know what the **Student Advocate** would tell you? Well, whereas the old **Ombudsman's Office** would be limited to just explaining to you how things work and pointing out some options for action, the **Student Advocate** would have the resources and authority to take action. The **Student Advocate** would tell you that a syllabus is considered to be a binding, legal document and that, if the teacher broke the contract, the teacher is most likely at fault. What else could the **Student Advocate** do? She could tell you that you can appeal your grade on the grounds just mentioned. Then she'd take things a step further: she'd make some phone calls, write some memos, argue with some people and do what is necessary to help you appeal your grade. She wouldn't promise you that it would get changed, but before all of this, you didn't even know you could appeal your grade, did you?

There's an election for student body president coming up in a couple of weeks. I'll be asking the candidates why we don't have a real student advocate on this campus, and what they're each going to do to get us one. Why don't you ask, too?

Rebecca, a political science major, works the off-season in ritzy and cosmopolitan restaurants in Park City.

BYU Professors: Separating the Sheep From the Goats

by **Bob Holloway**

When I was in the fourth grade, my teacher told us in a geography lesson that there were 50 million farmers in Italy. I raised my hand and told her that she must mean 50 thousand.

"What do you mean?" she replied. "It's printed right here in the teacher's manual."

I pointed out that the US is much larger than Italy and doesn't have that many farmers. At my teacher's invitation, I went to the encyclopedia and looked up the article on Italy. Results: 20 million *total* people in Italy, one resentful teacher, and some nasty remarks on my report card.

Since then I've learned that college professors are as apt to be wrong as elementary school teachers. I've discovered that there's only one sure method to decide if you should believe a word that they say: you have to know more than they do.

Unfortunately, it's somewhat more difficult with university professors than with fourth grade teachers. First, the university professors have had a significant head start on us. Second, they've concentrated their efforts for the most part on one particular area. Even with the most diligent effort it would be almost impossible to catch up with them before they died.

Are we stuck with accepting everything from the mouth of a tenured professor as the truth? Hardly. There's a shortcut that will contribute immensely to your university education.

The secret is to pick a subfield within your major, such as the mating habits of mutant *Drosophila* fruit flies in the more humid parts of southeastern Argentina, and then become more knowledgeable in it than anyone else. (Didn't I say this would contribute to your education?) The more often your professors comment on it, the better. Every time one of them happens on to your area of expertise, you can tell immediately if they know what they're talking about. You have a standard to place professors into their proper categories.

There are, for example, some professors who would like to impress their students with their far-ranging knowledge. Finding mistakes in what they state confidently will go a long way towards

preventing you from swooning in awe of their intellect along with the rest of the class. Pointing out their mistakes will go a long way toward waking up the rest of your classmates and keeping your professor honest. Being given a strong jolt of reality now and again can only make them better professors.

Nothing makes a class more exciting than waking up every morning and say to yourself, "Today I'm going forth to battle. I'm going to catch my professor saying something untrue and demonstrate it to the rest of the class. Today, he's *toast*." Even the most boring classes can become high-adrenaline events.

I am not, however, recommending that you go about it carelessly. No one likes a crank in the back of the room who won't let the class get on with its business. And it's better to be absolutely sure of yourself. Check your facts in the library before attempting to ambush your professor. You don't need to worry about losing the opportunity—if they say something silly once, they'll say it again. Returning to the scene of the crime is endemic in these cases.

I also urge you to be extremely tactful. If you do it right, the offending professor will be plenty shaken up. I've learned since fourth grade that grades and good relations with professors are only as

important as, say, money or food.

The list of mistakes that you can catch your professors at is long. Some don't realize that scholarship has progressed since they were in grad school. If your professor keeps repeating things in your field of expertise that you can identify as vintage 1959, it's a safe bet that he's in a state of denial about everything else since then, too.

Other professors believe that all truth can be described in terms of their academic specialty. Professors who can't say, "I don't know." Professors who let superficial generalities suffice or are careless with details. Recognizing violence done to your area of expertise is crucial to deciding what to believe and what to ignore until verified by a reliable source.

It also makes you much more appreciative of the professors with a commanding knowledge of the material. The professor in my major who I trust the most will openly admit not knowing the answer to a question. When she states something confidently, or comes back with an answer after having done some research, I know I can believe it.

Bob is regarded as a troublemaker by the humanities faculty.

Monday, February 15,
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-- (Susan B. Anthony, *The Revolution*, July 8, 1869)

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RELIGION

Ecclesiastical Endorsement

by F. Henry Bria, Jr.

About this time of year—with our bishops' endorsements due at the end of the semester—the ecclesiastical endorsement policy comes under fire. Unlike some others, I believe that BYU's present ecclesiastical endorsement policy for continuing students is an effective way for the university to maintain a spiritual atmosphere.

It is necessary to understand why BYU is here in order to understand why it has the endorsement policy. If BYU were simply an academic community, the endorsement policy might be questionable. But BYU does not exist to be the best university in the country. It is not here to rival Harvard and Yale.

BYU is here, primarily, to provide a certain atmosphere where members of the LDS faith—and others who choose to attend—learn secular and spiritual truths. (BYU is not here, however, to "correct" the behavior or beliefs of those students not convinced of the LDS religion.)

Gathering those students who stand firmly in the beliefs of the LDS faith, BYU attempts to form an atmosphere of love and understanding, where the Spirit of God can dwell to help those students through their academic and nonacademic lives. Recently, General Authorities of the Church have reminded us that BYU's true purpose differs from Yale's or Cornell's. If the student body understood this concept better, we would not be so disturbed by many of the guidelines attached to being a student here.

The ecclesiastical endorsement policy ensures that each student attending BYU is living up to his or her commitment to follow the

Honor Code. This is an essential part of BYU's purpose—to keep the atmosphere at BYU within LDS standards or policy. Students sign the Honor Code before entering the university and know what it entails. An interview with an ecclesiastical authority regarding our commitment to the Code should be no surprise to anyone.

Specific questions regarding LDS church attendance provoke further concerns. As stated earlier, BYU is not here to "correct" or "form" beliefs of those not entirely convinced of the truthfulness of the LDS church. The higher tuition for non-LDS students reflects this fact. LDS students are supported in great part by funds directly from the Church. LDS students who are not actively contributing to the LDS faith—through tithing or through service and church attendance—are not in a position to request that those funds be used in their behalf.

Students who do not actively participate in the LDS church will also not appreciate the atmosphere which that same church wishes to provide. Those LDS students who are here simply because of the low tuition often claim "doubting" as their reason for inactivity, when they really have no intention of becoming full participants in the LDS organization. Students honestly questioning their testimonies will be searching by a variety of means—including church attendance, to see what the Church will bring them.

LDS bishops conduct ecclesiastical interviews partly to determine such differing attitudes. Most members of the LDS faith believe bishops to be the "common judges of Israel," or the ones who have discernment to classify students' attitudes and behavior. They can use

See "Endorsement" p. 15



Ecclesiastical Enforcement

by Cati Moss

The continuing ecclesiastical endorsement policy, as currently constituted, is too ambiguous and inconsistent to be an effective standard by which BYU students can be judged. Though merely a supplement to the Honor Code and Dress and Grooming Standards, the endorsement does not adequately determine the eligibility of potential students.

The ambiguity of the policy appears in the interview itself. Individual bishops have the responsibility to ascertain whether students are fulfilling their Church duties, regularly attending services, abiding by rules and standards, etc. When the bishop only knows students for one or two semesters it is naive to assume that he will be fully aware of their spirituality and attitudes towards the Church. Some may argue that ecclesiastical endorsement interviews provide an opportunity for the bishops to grow closer to the flock. Considering the variety of other ways to reach this end, however, the use of ecclesiastical endorsements for this purpose seems unjustified.

To add to the problem, each bishop utilizes slightly different methods to determine an individual's "worthiness." This subjectivity leads to confusion, as no one is quite sure what is "legal." Consider the following cases:

One woman attending BYU visits another ward for a few weeks. When endorsement time approaches, she is interviewed by the bishop of that ward. Although he is unfamiliar with the student, but since she seems nice, the bishop promptly signs the form with little questioning.

In another case, a female student decides to shave her head

(which could be interpreted as an "extreme style," despite the fact that many European models have set the trend). Her bishop threatens to "revoke" her ecclesiastical endorsement for the discrepancy.

In the first example, the bishop acts much too leniently, while the other bishop was too judgmental. Notwithstanding established guidelines for endorsement interviews, a tremendous degree of subjectivity is evidenced and a great deal of injustice results.

Another failure of the ecclesiastical endorsement is its inconsistency regarding LDS students of varying degrees of participation. All students are required to abide by the Honor Code and Dress and Grooming Standards, despite their religious affiliation. LDS students, however, must meet additional requirements of church attendance and participation. No allowance is made for inactive members or those questioning their testimonies. Though the mutually exclusive categories (LDS and non-LDS) facilitate easy processing of forms, they generalize too much to adequately provide for the spiritually diverse membership of the LDS Church.

Individuals should have the responsibility to maintain their "righteousness." Noncompliance with the Honor or Dress Code is a visible, distinct violation of the criteria used by the institution, and should be enforced appropriately. However, deciding what is right for oneself spiritually is a personal matter which is beyond indiscretions and violations; it is a matter of choice and accountability of where one wants to be in life. Attendance at BYU can help people make these decisions; students should be allowed to continue to attend while they are trying to make these choices.



What's a Rameumptom, Daddy?

by Robert Nelson, Jr.

This piece was originally printed as a letter to the editor of Dialogue in the winter of 1989.

"What's a Rameumptom, Daddy?"

"Well, the Book of Mormon says it was a place where the Zoramites stood to worship and pray."

"But my Primary teacher said it was a tower that evil people used."

"I can see how someone could think that. The Book of Mormon says it was 'a place for standing which was high above the head' and only one person at a time could go up there."

"Was it like a speaker's stand in the church?"

"A speaker's stand? You mean a pulpit? Yes, I suppose it was. In fact the word 'Rameumptom' means 'the holy stand.'"

"What's so evil about a holy stand, Daddy?"

"Well, it wasn't the stand that was evil. It was how it was used. The people gathered in their synagogue..."

"What's a synagogue?"

"Just a different word for chapel or church, honey."

"Oh..."

"They'd gather in their synagogue one day a week..."

"Which day, Daddy?"

"I don't know, honey. It just says 'one day' and that they called the day 'the day of the Lord.'"

"It must have been Sunday."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because Sunday is the Lord's day."

"Well, maybe it was.... Anyway, they'd gather there and whoever wanted to worship would go and stand on top of the Rameumptom."

"Could anyone go up there?"

"Well, no, that was part of the problem. Apparently they had to wear the right clothes..."

"You mean like us when we wear our Sunday clothes, Daddy?"

"Well, not exactly but in a way yes, I suppose. Some of us might have a hard time accepting

See
"Daddy"
p. 15

Clip & Save

Valentine's Day

Two-Minute Sacrament Talk

by Stacey Ford

Good morning, brothers and sisters (afternoon if your ward meets later in the day). The bishop asked me to speak to you today about Valentine's Day. I don't usually like to give talks in sacrament, so when the bishop asked me to give this one I tried everything in my power to get out of doing it. But I thought at first I didn't want to, I found it to be a blessing in disguise because I really did need help and strength in this area of my life. I want you to know that I really am happy to be here today, sharing my thoughts with you. I'm not in the least bit upset or angry that I have to give such a strange talk when I was only told two days ago about it—that doesn't bother me a bit. I'm just glad to be here.

When I was first asked to speak about Valentine's Day, I was rather frustrated because I didn't really believe that it was a worthwhile holiday. I tried and tried to think of what to say about it, but I was distracted by my belief that Valentine's Day is just a day to give flowers and candy and send silly messages to people you lust after. So I decided to pray about it. The spirit led me to search the scriptures, which I did. The scripture that really hit me and made me see that I had been looking at Valentine's Day in the wrong light was John 13:34 (be sure to wait for the congregation to find the scripture before you read it). "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another, as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Then I knew for sure, and I was so happy to have discovered such a wonderful truth. If anyone else is having difficulties believing that Valentine's Day is really a worthwhile holiday,

I would like to urge you to fast and pray about it, as I did. I am sure that you will find the answers you seek. (Here you may wish to pause and share a scripture from Song of Solomon, bear your testimony, cry, or break into song.)

Webster's Dictionary defines love as "Strong affection or liking for someone or something, a passionate affection for one of the opposite sex, or the object of such affection; sweetheart." Since Valentine's Day is a day to share love, I want to share with you today some examples of how you can go about making this Valentine's Day a lasting experience that you can write about in your journal and one day share with your grandchildren. I think one of the sweetest examples of how people can share love is in *Beauty and the Beast*—remember when the Beast and Belle were dancing in that big room with no one else there? (You can sing here, if you wish, or cry again, or break into the theme song from *Beauty and the Beast*.)

One example of something you can do to demonstrate your love is to have candy or flowers delivered to your loved one in one of their classes. Another thing you can do is send them a special message in *The Daily Universe* or display a message somewhere where they and all of their friends will be sure to see it and know how much you really care. You could also fold all of their socks for them and paint their bathroom. Try to be creative and original and to put some effort into it; remember, this is the day to really show your feelings and latch onto that special someone for good. Another way to express the love you feel is to write your loved one a letter or a good couplet

poem with some nice rhyming telling them all the things you love about them (i.e., I think you are really nice, / I had a great time when we went ice . . . skating.)

Valentine's Day is a celebration of love. I think we should try to keep this loving spirit with us all year long, not just on one day of the year. One way to do this is to leave "I love you" messages on your loved one's car or on top of their books or inside their shoes. Give them little gifts just because you love them. Try to do something special every day; strive to make every day of your life just like Valentine's Day.

One thing I think I should mention before I close my talk is that not everyone has a special someone to share Valentine's Day with, and we mustn't forget about these people. Be sure to go out of your way to share your joy with them and tell them about the wonderful things your loved one has done for you. Go into lots of detail—it will help them come to grips with their own inadequacies. Be sure to let them know that they are special, too, even if they don't have someone there to tell them. Perhaps you might even want to send them an anonymous valentine or sing them a song.

You are all my special valentines. I want you to know how much I love each and every one of you, even if I don't know you too well, and even if I don't know you at all. (This would be a good opportunity to cry once again or break into another song.) I hope you all have a wonderful Valentine's Day experience, and I hope you are able to keep that special Valentine spirit in your hearts all year round.

World Religions Symposium

by Preston D. Hunter

"Hey, check out that guy over there."

"What guy?"

"The one wearing the turban. He must be an Islam."

"Actually he's a Sikh."

"A sheik? Like an Arabian oil sheik? That's cool! I never thought there'd be Islams at BYU."

"Not sheik. Sikh. And anyway, Islam is the name of the religion. Members are called Muslims. It's not like Mormons and Mormonism, you know."

"Oh. So what's a Sikh."

"One of the major religions of the world. It started in India about 400 years ago. They're in the newspaper sometimes."

"Oh. I saw a lot of guys like that in D.C. Always thought they were Islams . . . er, Muslims. Never heard of Sikhs."

"You know Little Orphan Annie? Daddy Warbucks's assistant and Annie's bodyguard, Punjab?"

"Yeah. I've seen the movie. He's a Sikh?"

"Yes. And a couple of weeks ago a *Daily Universe* article talked about the new mission

See "World" p. 15

Vox Angelica:

Ex-BYU Student/Poet Tim Liu Returns to Provo

by Joanna Brooks

Tim Liu was in town last year, typesetting his new collection of poetry himself, working deep in the JKHB, six feet underground.

One day he took me to the bookstore and pulled volume after volume off the shelf, saying, "You must read this. And this. Read more."

Another day he sat down to lunch with an emaciated short story writer friend of mine and told him that he needed to eat more.

Tim made it clear to both me and my writer friend that life was about maximum beauty. You have to seek it—read a lot, eat a lot.

His new book, *Vox Angelica* (\$8.95, alicejamesbooks, 1992) is about such seeking. There's no satiety in the volume. Things aren't easily answered. His language, however, is satisfying in its art and unflinching honesty.

Tim has finished his M.F.A. at University of Houston and moved on to do doctoral work at University of Massachusetts, Amherst. I talked with him again recently about the book and about his work as a poet and about his time here as student in the late eighties.

SR: What was it like for you at BYU?

TL: Well, I served my mission from 1986-87 in Hong Kong. When I came back, I tried to do the marriage thing. I dated about 100 women. It wasn't working. I knew I was gay, and yet, I had internalized so much homophobia that I was trying to change myself. All of my friends started to marry women and it was hard. And I couldn't "come out" because Standards would supposedly freeze my records and mess up my chances for getting into grad school. After I graduated in April 1989, I did come out. I prayed a lot, trying to find myself. Things were difficult. I left and ended up with a quieter, happier existence.

SR: You were published in *Harvest* [a recent anthology of poetry by Mormon authors]. Do you consider yourself a "Mormon artist"?

TL: It's always been joked that Mormon art is an oxymoron. Most of the vitality is at the fringes, I think.

SR: Why?

TL: Well, I think that many Mormons already believe that they're saved, taken care of spiritually. But for other artists, the art is all they have. A great poem or story saves them. I think if you don't live and die for art, you're not going to make it. When you have all you need spiritually at church, other things become unnecessary. Who cares about Van Gogh? He's not saved and he can't save you. Another attitude that troubles me is the attitude that "the world," naturally, will be unable to see how great Mormon artists are. Well, there's a reason why the world loves Brahms and Faulkner. You have to count the world's opinion for something.

SR: What about the writing program at BYU?

TL: I learned more about writing at BYU than in any program since. Nobody talks about language as profoundly as Darrell [Spencer] does. Nowhere. And Leslie [Norris]'s sensitivity to sound and beauty and respect for the heritage of literature is remarkable. He talks about Yeats and Dylan Thomas as if they were close friends.

SR: There's been some talk about BYU starting an M.F.A. program. Any opinions?

TL: There's a huge proliferation of writing programs in the US right now. Writers—who can rarely make enough money off their writing alone—have to teach throngs of people. So much so that a lot of mediocre writers are going on study. Anyone can get an M.F.A. It would be nice if it were all structured like music—either you get into Juilliard and go on, or not.

SR: Those M.F.A. degrees are like benchmarks. It's so hard to get published that it's nice to have a degree on your wall that gives you permission to say, "I'm a writer." What was your breakthrough?

TL: Well, I was first published in *BYU Studies* and then in the *Jacaranda Review* and the *Wisconsin Review*. They were small journals, for sure, but it gave me a sense of what my work looks like in print. ...For sure one doesn't have to have a poem in the *Atlantic* to see oneself as a writer. It's all personal. ...Gordon Lish [editor of the *Quarterly*] says that there's no

such thing as talent. I think you just have to love the art.

SR: How is the writing going now? Second book in the works?

TL: Even now, Sometimes, I don't feel like I've written a poem yet. I read Wallace Stevens who wrote his first book at 44 and think, *that's poetry*. Even early Yeats was terrible stuff, but his later stuff was poetry. I'm still waiting to get good. The book boosted my confidence for sure. ...But one has to measure oneself on two ladders—one as an artist and one as a successful writer. Take Darrell [Spencer] for example. He is writing real stories. He's not getting all the fame he deserves, maybe, but you read something by him, you just put it down and say, "Damn, *that's a story*."

SR: How's it going to be coming back to Utah to read?

TL: For sure, there are a lot of ghosts there. BYU is completely different for me, I guess, because it was always my peers that made the experience. I couldn't walk

three minutes on campus without finding someone I knew. Those people are gone. And whatever BYU was is gone.

SR: That's true about everywhere. One ends up feeling a little homeless.

TL: I find that in every story and in every poem I make a little home for myself, but part of me is homeless forever.

Tim Liu's new book is available at Cafe Haven bookstore in Orem.

Continuing his national reading tour (which has included stops in Texas, Pennsylvania, Washington, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New York City), Tim will read from *Vox Angelica* at Cafe Haven on February 12 at 7:30 p.m. Call the bookstore at 221-9910 for more information. ☐

Walking in a World Where We Are Sometimes Loved

A wind blows new the sunlight has yellowed across the street.

We walk into a forest

and are lost. Either our cries are heard or we bury ourselves without God. This morning was no different: new leaves on the ground, a storm pouring in through windows of that room where we made love, thundering doves flying out of our mouths.

—BY TIMOTHY LIU

McCurdy Doll Magic

by Chris Cox

When a friend introduced me to the McCurdy Doll Museum, I realized that I would need more than our half-hour trip to explore and absorb all that was inside—an antique world, somehow timeless, full of childhood fantasies and memories.

Before founding this museum, Mrs. McCurdy was a Salt Lake City elementary school teacher who created character costumes for dolls and used them to illustrate her lessons. One of her large projects was to produce dolls representing all of the U.S. Presidents' wives in their Inaugural Ball gowns. Mrs. McCurdy researched and duplicated the original gowns, which are now on display at the Smithsonian. She carved the dolls out of wood and collected hair for the dolls from beauty salons.

As Mrs. McCurdy's dolls were used for all subjects in school, the museum houses a wide variety of characters. Most are women, some famous—Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mae West, Grandma Moses, Elizabeth of Austria. Some are less famous—Queen Catherine Braganza (wife of Charles II) and Queen Isabella of Spain. Fictional characters on display include Johnny Appleseed and Broomhilde. There is a Prince Charles doll with hair made from seal skin. Helen of Troy stands with a wax Joan of Arc and a Catherine the Great china doll. There are characters from the eight Great Crusades, the saints for the thirteen Great Pilgrimages, and countless Native American tribal costumes. There are women from the Bible—Pharaoh's daughter, Dorcas of Joppa, Ruth, and Naomi. Mrs. McCurdy also made

accurately costumed dolls representing a number of nationalities. Also displayed is a small collection of dolls wearing the changing fashions of the early twentieth century.

The oldest doll in the collection is 160 years old and comes from England. She is made of wood and *papier-mâché* and still wears her now-tattered original clothes.

Another display of historic dolls comes from the pioneer days. The dolls had been tightly packed in box, hidden behind a fireplace, and lost. Years later, when the present owners of the home were remodeling, they discovered the lost box and its contents. Somehow the dolls had not been destroyed. The soot was removed and the collection was framed and donated to the museum.

Others who have donated dolls to the museum include Laura Alleman—a dollmaker famous for her "kidskin" dolls. In a semi-secret process, Alleman covers wooden doll heads with moistened kid leather which, when dry, looks like wrinkled human skin. Alleman hand-knitted all the clothing for her dolls, using knitting needles as small as sewing needles.

There are also two 36-inch German bisque dolls. One is of Mrs. McCurdy and the doll wears her altered wedding dress. The other bisque doll is of her best friend Mary Hogel, of the Hogel family for whom the Hogel Zoo is named.

All in all, the McCurdy museum contains 3,000-4,000 dolls, making it the largest such museum in Utah. It is located at 246 N. 100E. in Provo, open Tuesday through Saturday, 12-6 p.m. Admission is \$2. ☐



Destinations: An Interview with Kim Simpson

by Dave Seiter

A leader in Provo's acoustic scene, Kim Simpson has a wide range of experience—KFC commercials, wedding receptions, BYU's jazz group Synthesis, session playing for Kurt Bestor and Sam Cardon (local Billboard Jazz Chart artists), and performing (most recently at Mama's Cafe). He is a regular at various Salt Lake and Provo night spots. Especially notable among his varied accomplishments is his recent cassette release (see accompanying review). Kim started at BYU on an Electric Guitar Performance scholarship, but will be graduating in April with an English degree. He hopes to get a major label deal. If you haven't seen him perform, check him out before he leaves.

SR: How do you classify your music?

KS: That's always the big question. It's hard to classify yourself. Most performers are hesitant to pigeonhole their sound. Obviously, I'm inspired by folk music—acoustic music, I guess, is a better term for it. It's hard to categorize what I'm doing, but it's coming from the heart.

Folk Music and Records:

I really get into the folk scene of the late sixties. There's a bunch of stuff that was out. It's pretty obscure. I guess it's better known in England. But there's The Pentangle, The Incredible String Band, and guys like John Martin, Richard Thompson, and Fairport Convention. Groups like that have really left a mark on me.

SR: How do you hear about such obscure groups?

KS: I'm a used record junkie. I go to used record

stores and buy the 50 cent specials.

SR: Do you have to go to Salt Lake to get good ones?

KS: Yeah, I'm from Salt Lake and there's some decent stores up there. I just look through the records. You know, someone produces somebody, so I'll check out who else they've produced. Or I'll find some other record off a label I like. Sometimes I'll just buy records on a whim. I like buying records. I like the

scratches sound. I like listening to The Beatles on record. I don't like CD's—they're too clean. They're not murky enough. The Stones, too. The Stones sound great just on a scratchy record.

Background:

I started playing guitar when I was really little. I just strummed away and hacked it out. I was about six, and I had music books that had the chord formations. Those were fascinating to me and I would figure them out. But not until I was 16 or so did I become a serious-minded guitarist. I thought I would learn how to read music and be academic about it. So I was playing jazz guitar, and then I took serious

classical lessons for a time. And I really responded to folk guitar. It was like, 'just do what you want.' All the solo acoustic guitarists I really

Performing:

It's really educational. Sitting around and playing a guitar in your room is one thing; when you get out and do

it in front of people, you learn a lot of things fast. I try new songs. People request things and I try them there on the spot. A lot of those songs you've heard enough to know the words or make up a version. I like to feel like I've interpreted a song somehow.

Provocative:

I don't think I'm being a prophet or I'm saying anything very provocative when I say that there hasn't been a very thriving scene in this college town of ours. There's always been bands that come and go. Every now and then there will be a good

band. But what's cool is this acoustic thing. That hasn't been around at all. And people are interested in it.

SR: Do you think the scene is progressing?

KS: I really do. I guess establishments are the key. As long as there are more establishments that interest the students, a scene will develop. I like what's going on.

Guitarists:

When I think of guitarists, three come to mind. Jimi Hendrix—I think he's one of the greatest. Nobody will get the ideas he did or the sounds he did. And that's the ideal with guitar—totally rewiring your entire concept of how it should sound. And another

player—Pierre Bensusan, a guy from Paris who plays acoustic guitar. His stuff is phenomenal. You can tell that he's off on another planet. He's not worrying about where to put his finger or anything. There are parts on his records where he starts singing along with it—outrageous melodies in some freaked-out tuning. I'd like to be able to play like him. His music is influenced from all over the world: Ireland, France, Africa—all kinds of stuff, and it's just single guitar music. It's amazing me. The other player who has really influenced me is William Ackerman. He started the Windham Hill label. His guitar playing is really light, sparse and emotional. You can tell he's following his feelings and not being technical. The ideal is to convey emotion. Playing guitar is spiritual. What I like about [Jimmy] Page is he plays from the gut. How do you explain? It's amazing. The things he does are sloppy, but I love that. Zeppelin is so grungy. And that's beautiful. All long and overblown—it's great.

Songwriting:

Even if my fingers were cut off someday, if I could still write songs, I'd be happy. That's most interesting to me. It's almost agony sometimes. You know you have to do something when you're agonized by it. You'll get an idea in your head, and you can't rest until it's out. It's something I've been sort of cursed with. I get ideas and I have to follow them through. It's work expressing those things, but it's important to take the time. I'd be wrong to say songwriting is something where I'm always in tune with the Muse.

Hog Time

An old Iowa pig farmer was asked why he didn't take the advice of the state's agricultural school relative to feed supplements that would get his pigs ready for market twice as fast as the old way. He responded by saying, "Ah shucks—what's time to a hog?"

Time might not mean much to a hog, but to a bright, high-achiever such as yourself, time to market is everything. Don't let the price of a fully loaded 486 PC (for just \$1,415 from AAA Computer Wholesalers) set you back even a semester. Remember, semesters after graduation earn you money. Those before cost you.

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Flavors Of The Week

Sneakers - Racket (ESD)

This is the first project by Mitch Easter—better known for his involvement in Let's Active and for producing R.E.M.'s first album. If John, Paul, George, and Ringo were playing in a garage in the 80's, this is what they'd sound like.

Therapy? - Nurse (A&M)

A beat-filled, infectious concoction of tribal industrial and melodic thrash. More moving deliberation than

self-absorbed quickness. It's not comforting, but it is therapeutic.

10,000 Maniacs - Candy Everybody Wants (Elektra)

A maxi-single remix off Our Time In Eden, filled out with three covers bearing the stamp and polish of the Maniacs. The covers are interesting and enjoyable, but they can't hold a candle to the energy and rawness of the R.E.M. and Smiths originals.

Kim Simpson's Destination Reviewed

by Dave Seiter

Kim's recent release on the local Sound Column label is an entertaining and accessible collection of modern, edgy folk. Kim's talented vocal and guitar work are occasionally fleshed out by bass and drums, providing tight-knit accompaniment for Kim's virtuosity. Kim's playing is marked by a percussive style which uses a range of power-strumming and finger-picking styles—sometimes frantic, sometimes searching. Kim travels between dissonance and soothing melody. All this, topped off with quality recording, make this a must for any discerning listener. Support a local musician and buy *Destination*.

(Cassettes available at Crandall Audio, Pegasus [by McDonald's], Graywhale, and Mama's Cafe.)

SPORTS

Fan Etiquette 101

by Dr. A. Gregory Schell

Whenever I watch a Duke game with the Cameron Crazies wreaking havoc, I long to be there. When I see a Nebraska football game I am awed by the sea of bright red in the stands. When I watch a Braves game and hear the war chant and see the tomahawk chop in full swing, it gives me chills. When I go to a BYU sporting event, I fall asleep.

Don't we all though? I don't blame the athletes; they put on quite a show most of the time. I blame the fans. We at BYU are uneducated. Half the fun is watching the game; the other half should be fan participation. A wild crowd isn't just icing on the cake, it's a major ingredient. Oh, we can do your basic wave, "D-fense" chant, and even a different twist with the "popcorn" thing,

but that's not enough. Let me share with you some of the ideas that I have seen and heard from other universities so that we may all perhaps be enlightened.

Duke University: All sports fans are familiar with the student section at Duke. They are the classiest group I have ever witnessed. I have never seen the Crazies sitting down with serious looks on their faces like I do here. They are always moving and screaming, inspiring and intimidating. Here is a classic from their vault of goodies. A free throw shooter from the opposing team stands at the charity stripe, sweating profusely. The fans all "shhh" each other while he stands trying to concentrate until just before he winds up for the delivery there is complete silence. At the critical moment just before release they all

scream in unison. This kind of thing has caused Coach K to label them the team's "sixth man."

U of Kansas: Oh, what a rowdy bunch they are. When the starting line-up from the opposing team is being introduced they give 'em the royal treatment. They all open a copy of the newspaper and feign like they're reading something more interesting than what the opposition has to offer. Once you've seen it done, you'll never want to sit on your kiester again.

UNLV: It's died down a lot since the days of Tark the Shark and the National Championship team, but the aura is still there. Once you've been there, you'll never forget the "Re-bels" chant. It's an eerie feeling when that almost musical chant begins and you're on the other team. And who can forget the band

playing "Jaws" with the students putting the bite on it all?

Wake Forest: Being from this area, I have actually been a part of the student section festivities of this lot. When the game gets tense and it's crunch time, they know what to do. When the opposing guard is bringing the ball down the court they all chant "bounce" each time the ball hits the floor, "pass" when it's tossed to a teammate, and "shoot" when the ballhandler goes up for a jumper. It usually succeeds in unnerving the man with the rock in his hand.

So what do I suggest? We need to be a bigger part of the game. We need to get loud, stand up, intimidate the other team, and become the proverbial sixth man for our Cougars. We can try some of these tricks of the trade or start our own. Wouldn't it be great

to see the whole student section turn around and face the other way after the opponent makes a big shot and is celebrating? Kinda like we don't give a flip what they just did, cuz the game ain't over yet. On the other side of the coin, how about a tribute to a Cougar who makes a rim-shattering dunk or a clutch shot? Maybe a "We're not worthy" chant or our own rendition of AC/DC's

"Thunderstruck" tune. It's all a matter of creativity. Do we hold Cosmo responsible to get all this going? How about the guys who run the scoreboard? Maybe the Cougar Pride Club? Or do we just take our own initiative and get it started? Whatever it's gonna take, let's do it. After all, falling asleep in class is bad enough, no need to keep up that atmosphere at a game.

Sex, Lies, and Slam Dunks

by Mike Sponseller

"When you play in the NBA, there are women waiting to meet you in every city along the way. Just about every time the bus brought us back to our hotel after a game, there would be 40 or 50 women waiting in the lobby to meet you." These are the words of Magic Johnson. Professional athletes and sex scandals returned to the headlines again with allegations of misconduct surrounding members of the Portland Trail Blazers in Salt Lake City. Some young girls, after being caught for shoplifting, told police they spent the night with several

members of the Blazers at a hotel. There was an investigation, and the lifestyles of NBA players were called into question again.

Unfortunately, the scandal implicated, falsely, all-stars Clyde Drexler and Terry Porter. Drexler and Porter are both seeking vindication from either the girls or the police. They said they are "family men" with good reputations in their communities, and they both said they don't live that type of lifestyle. In fact, before this incident came up, Terry Porter turned down an invitation to all-star weekend because he wanted to spend the time with his family. But are these men exceptions to the

promiscuous lifestyle of many NBA players? Are the kids of today worshipping players with little or no moral values? Does it even matter what type of life they live off the court?

As Magic said, "Yes, I fooled around. But, what I did, most of my team was doing too. Nobody ever said the Lakers were Boy Scouts. But nobody should be shocked by this information. It's a natural thing, and it's been going on forever." Okay Magic, we won't be shocked about the lifestyle, but we definitely were shocked when we found out you contracted the HIV-virus. If most everyone else in the NBA is living the "NBA lifestyle," how many of them

don't know they have the virus?

There was also the James Worthy case in Houston where he was arrested for soliciting two prostitutes. Worthy is a married man, too. Magic was known as the guy who, when a visiting team came to town, would set up all the rookies with some action. I'm not blaming players or the women, this is just how it is. Magic said, "When I got up to my hotel room, there would always be a stack of phone messages. Dolores called, she's waiting in the lobby, Arlene called, she's wearing a red dress. Marian called, she's in the elevator."

But there is hope. Magic also said, "Every person is

different, of course. Some of the married players didn't fool around at all." "There were even a few players in the league who abstained for religious reasons."

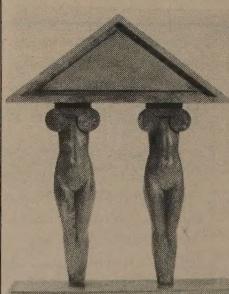
I would guess there are more players in the NBA than Magic made out to be who are faithful to their wives, but all of this illustrates that the world has different values. What we may think is wrong, someone else might think is perfectly O.K. That doesn't mean we should accept it or tell our kids that Magic Johnson is a hero for being courageous and telling the world he got HIV. Maybe when we put these athletes on a pedestal, we should do it only for their athletic ability. For example, with Michael Jordan's gambling debts, and the rampant drug problems in athletics, it's hard to say how any of them could be a true hero.

It's hard for me to accept what these men do, but I can understand when I look at things from their perspective. They make millions of dollars, are on the road half of their lives, and they have a lot of time on their hands. It's very easy to condemn them, but just like anything else out of our culture we need to look at it from their perspective. I'm not saying we should accept it by any means. I'm just saying we should try to understand where they're coming from.

STUDENT REVIEW
Live

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Voiced Views

Rise and Shout . . .

- The men's volleyball team. They look tough and they've got opponents shaking. Could this be their year? A v-ball national championship in Utah? Don't count them out.

Sit Down and Clam Up . . .

- Ute fans that think they've won the WAC already. The Cougs plan on killing that noise real quick when they visit the Huntsman in a few weeks. Forget the fat lady, it's not over 'til K. Nixon threes.

"World" from p. 11

president in the India mission. He's a Sikh, too."

"I thought you'd have to be a Mormon to be a mission president."

"Well, he was born Sikh. Sikh can be a race as well as religion. Like Jews."

"So they're all born into it?"

"Not all. There are some Sikhs in Salt Lake who used to be Mormon."

"I wonder how he gets away with wearing that beard."

"It's part of his religion. He probably gets an exemption. Like Orthodox Jews who wear skullcaps."

"I wonder if there are any Jews at BYU. I guess if there are Sikhs, there could be people of an religion."

"There are Jews here. Some by race and some by religious practice. There are a lot more people from other religious groups, though."

"Like who?"

"There are Protestants, Catholics, Buddhists, and Muslims. What do you know about Muslims?"

"Well, they worship Allah and we kicked their butts in Desert Storm."

"That wasn't a war between us and the Islamic religion. We had Muslim allies in that war. We even have Muslim chaplains in the U.S. Armed Forces."

"They do worship Allah, though."

"So do we. *Allah* is simply the Arabic word for God. In Indonesia, LDS primary children sing 'I am a child of Allah.'"

"Yeah, right."

"It was in the Ensign."

"I guess if it was in the Ensign . . ."

"There are differences in the way we view God, but they do believe in the God of the Bible: the God who spoke to Moses and Abraham. They even believe in Adam as a prophet of God, like Mormons do. Stories of Joseph, John the Baptist, Mary, and Jesus are all in the Qur'an."

"The Qur'an is their Bible, right?"

"Not exactly, but yes, it's their holy book."

"But, it seems like such a violent religion. All of these holy wars with the Ayatollah and Saddam Hussein, and such."

"If that was really what Islam is all about, I doubt it would be the fastest growing religion in the world."

"I though Mormonism was."

"It depends on how you do the figuring. Some say that Christianity is growing the fastest. But if you count growth on a percentage basis, and include Mormonism as part of the whole of Christianity, the growth isn't as fast as some other world religions."

"Like what?"

"Like the Baha'i Faith. By percent growth, it's the fastest growing world religion."

"So what are Baha'is? Are they Christians, or Muslims, or what?"

"None of the above. They're Baha'i. But I guess you could say they are all of the above."

"What?"

"The Baha'i Faith is a separate religion from all other world religions, but they believe in the principal prophets of other major faiths: Muhammad, Jesus, and the Buddha. They believe all religions in the world are one."

"Weird. So where did you learn all of this? Did you take that world religions class?"

"It's a great class."

"Dang! I should've taken it."

"I also learned a lot at the World Religions Symposium held at BYU last year."

"Yeah, I remember the fliers. I didn't go to any of the lectures, though."

"You could still go this year. It runs from February 16 to 19."

"What do they do?"

"There'll be scholars and leaders from different religions speaking on campus. Sikhs, Jews, Catholics, Muslims, and others."

"That's all?"

"No. There will be booths set up in the Wilkinson Center. The Muslim Student Association will even present a booth on Islam."

You can drop by, talk to BYU students of different faiths, pick up pamphlets, and maybe even learn something. Hindus, Buddhists, and even Hare Krishnas from Spanish Fork will come."

"Sounds like quite a party."

"There will be a panel discussion with non-LDS students talking about life at BYU."

"That should be interesting. I wonder why they come here if they're not Mormons."

"Come to the discussion and ask. It's an open question forum. There will also be a panel discussion with visiting scholars talking about contemporary problems like religious conflict in the Middle East."

"Sounds interesting."

"Bring a date. It's free."

"I don't know. Who else would be interested in weird stuff like this?"

"Daddy" from p. 11

certain kinds of clothes or people in Sacrament meeting. But we wear our Sunday clothes to help us be reverent, don't we?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"So anyway, where was I?"

"They went to the top of the Rameumptom..."

"Yes, they'd go up and worship God by thanking him for making them so special."

"Were they bearing their testimonies?"

"Well, uh, I guess maybe they were in a way, but they weren't true testimonies."

"How come?"

"Because they were too proud."

"What do you mean 'proud,' Daddy?"

"Well, they would talk about how they were a 'chosen and holy people.'"

"My Primary teacher said that Mormons are the chosen people and we're a special generation."

"Yes, honey, but that's different."

"How?"

"Because we are."

"Oh."

"Besides, they were very, very proud about how much better they were than everyone else because they didn't believe the 'foolish traditions of their neighbors.'"

"What does that mean, Daddy?"

"It means they believed everyone else was wrong and they alone were right."

"Isn't that what we believe?"

"Yes, but it's different."

"How?"

"Because we are right, honey."

"Oh."

"Everyone would stand and say the same thing..."

"That sounds like testimony meeting to me."

"Don't be irreverent."

"Sorry."

"Then after it was all over, they would all go home and never speak about God until the next day of the Lord when they'd gather at the holy stand again."

"Isn't that like us, Daddy?"

"No, honey, we have Family Home Evening."

"Oh."

"Fear" from p. 8

Colorado Springs and rural counties began pouring in. Slowly, the "No" margin disappeared. From 60 percent, the percentage of "No" votes fell, bottoming out at 47 percent. Amendment 2 was added to the Colorado Constitution, and gays and lesbians no longer had guaranteed civil rights.

The passage of Amendment 2 has contributed to an atmosphere of hate. Since the election, vandalism and acts of violence directed against homosexuals or gay-oriented establishments has increased. Tattered Cover Book Store, the largest in the region, had to be evacuated after the staff received a bomb threat because of the number of gay employees.

The cities of Aspen, Boulder and Denver have filed lawsuits against the State of Colorado, hoping to have Amendment 2 declared unconstitutional. Amendment 2 may also violate the First and Fourteenth Amendments of the U.S. Constitution. But even if this legal battle returns civil rights to the gays of Colorado, victory will not be complete. The question continues today in the controversy over allowing gays to openly serve in the U.S. Armed Forces. Tomorrow, who knows? Only by truly confronting the stereotypes and fear that fire the sort of hate and twisted justifications of logic that allow people to rob others of their legal rights can we be set free.

(Another Editor's Note: It's difficult not to comment on a trend that alarms me so deeply. While institutionalized hate is certainly harmful for those oppressed by it, no one is exempt from its crushing influence. When someone else's rights are compromised, so are yours. Anti-gay bills such as the one passed in Colorado are now being reviewed by the legislatures of eight more states across the country. Think that won't affect the general population? Think again. In Oregon, anti-gay bill Measure 9 was voted on and defeated last November. Even with its wording, which was far less ambiguous and more extreme than Amendment 2's, it still drew 44% of the vote. During the months of the campaign, the state's rate of gay bashing—hate crimes—went up 400%. It's just a sample of what could happen everywhere else. Whether or not homosexuality is a sin doesn't excuse the violence. And you don't have to be gay to be bashed—someone just has to think you are. How many of the people burned as witches actually were?)

James Cromar was one of the founding staff of Student Review. We wish him the best.

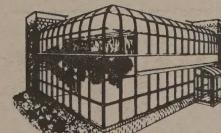
"Endorsement" from p. 10

this gift to determine who is truly searching and who is not. They can see who adheres to the Honor Code and who doesn't.

Ecclesiastical endorsements provide the university with the opportunity to evaluate behavior and determine if that behavior is in keeping with the Honor Code; this should establish the

university as a place for intellectual and spiritual development. Students have the responsibility to be truthful in these interviews and to evaluate themselves. Through this system, BYU becomes a place where the Spirit can dwell and bless those who earnestly seek both spiritual and academic growth.

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CALENDAR

If you would like something in the calendar call Rebecca at 370-3223. The deadline for submitting calendar items is the Friday before the week you would like it to appear in the calendar.

THEATRE

Feb 12, 13, 15, "My Turn on Earth," Lakeridge Junior High, 951 S. 400 W., Orem, 7:30 pm, \$8.

Now-Feb 15, "The Nerd," Hale Center Theatre SLC, 484-9257.

Now-Feb 21, "The Kathy and Mo Show," Salt Lake Acting Company, 363-0525.

Now-Feb 22, "Take Three Girls," Valley Center Playhouse, Lindon, 224-5310, \$4 student ticket.

Now-Feb 22, "The Star Spangled Girl," Hale Center Theatre Orem, 226-8600.

Now-March 6, "Calamity Jane," Desert Star Playhouse, Murray, 226-7600.

Now-March 15, "Flash Gordon Conquers the Planet of Evil," City Rep., 532-6000.

Now-April 5, "The Jungle Book," City Rep.,

532-6000.

Now-May 1, "The Fantasticks," 7:30 pm, Sundance, 225-4100.

Every Friday, "The Garrens" Comedy Troupe, 7:30 pm, 2084 JKHB, BYU, \$1.

THEATRE GUIDE

Babcock Theatre, 300 S. University, SLC, 581-6961. City Rep, 638 S. State, SLC, 532-6000.

Egyptian Theatre, Main Street, Park City 649-9371. Hale Center Theatre, 2801 S. Main, SLC, 484-9257.

Orem Hale Center Theatre, 225 W. 400 N., 226-8600.

Promised Valley Playhouse, 132 S. State St., SLC, 364-5696.

Pioneer Theatre Company, 1340 E. 300 S., SLC, 581-6961.

Provo Town Square Theatre, 100 N. 100 W., Provo, 375-7300.

Salt Lake Acting Company, 500 N. 168 W., SLC 363-0525.

MUSIC

Feb 11, Jeffrey Shumway Piano Recital, Madsen Recital Hall, BYU,

free.

Feb 12, Utah Opera Co. Young Artist's Program, Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 7:30 pm.

Feb 12-13, Ali Ali Oxen Free unplugged, Pier 54 in Provo, 9 pm, \$3, 377-5454.

Feb 12, 13, 17-20, "Falstaff," del Jong Concert Hall, BYU, 7:30 pm, 378-4322.

Feb 12-14, Crazy 8's at the Zephyr, 355-2582.

Feb 13, Sounds of Silver Flute Choir, Assembly Hall, Temple Square, 7:30 pm.

Feb 13, The Nylons, Symphony Hall, SLC.

Feb 13, Salt Lake

Symphony Vienna Ball Fundraiser, State Capitol Rotunda, 486-2983.

Feb 15, Christopher Parkening in Recital at Symphony Hall, 533-NOTE.

Tuesdays, 7:30, live jazz at the Green Street Social Club, Trolley Square, SLC.

Tuesdays, Rich Dixon - jazz and improv, 8 pm, Pier 54 Provo.

Wednesdays, Dr. Haji and the Blues Bandits and open jam, Pier 54 Provo.

Wednesdays, opera on Classical 89 FM, 7 pm.

Thursdays, Mormon

Tabernacle Choir rehearsals, 8:00-9:30 p.m. Free.

Sundays, Choir Broadcasts of "Music and the Spoken Word," Temple Square, 9:30-10 am. Please be seated by 9:15.

Dead Goat Saloon, live music, 165 W. Temple, SLC, 328-2000.

Zephyr, live shows nightly, 301 S. West Temple, 355-CLUB.

CINEMA GUIDE

Underground Images Films, every Wednesday, 8 pm, 1170 Talmage Building, BYU Campus.

Movies 8 Call 377-5667 for current listings and show times. Only \$1, \$1.50 on weekends.

Villa Theatre 254 S. Main, Springville, 489-3088. \$1

Academy Theatre, 56 N. University Ave., 373-4470. Avalon Theatre, 3605 S. State, SLC, 226-0258.

Carillon Square Theatres, 224-5112. Cineplex Odeon University 4 Cinemas, 224-6622.

Mann Central Square Theatre, 374-6061. Scera Theatre, 745 S.

State, Orem, 235-2560. Tower Theatre, 875 E.

900 S. SLC, 359-9234. Varsity Theatre, BYU Campus, 378-3311.

**USEFUL
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NUMBERS**

Vatican, 011-39-6-6982. White House, 202-456-1414.

Governor, 538-1000. Center for Women and Children in Crises, 374-9351.

Dial-A-Story, 379-6675. Air Quality Hotline, 373-9560.

Legacy Foundation, information concerning sexual orientation issues, call 373-0515.

Utah Bureau of Air Quality, 536-4000. Uinta National Forest, 377-5780.

Current Sky Info, 532-STAR.

General BYU Campus and Community Info, 378-4313.

Provo Job Service, 373-7500. UTA, 375-4636. Alcoholics Anonymous, 375-8620.

LDS Social Services, 378-7620. Hope Line (24-hour mental crisis help), 379-7255.

United Way (volunteer opportunities), 374-6400.

Free Hearing Test, 373-5219. Time and Temperature, 373-9120. The Gathering Place (substance abuse) 226-2255. Habitat for Humanity BYU Hotline, 371-3368.

OTHER

Feb 10-13, "Life, the Universe, and Everything," BYU Science Fiction and Fantasy Symposium, 378-4455.

Feb 11, Dawn Person will speak on "Black Issues," 11 am, Memorial Lounge, ELWC, BYU.

Feb 12-13, Ballroom Dance in Concert, Marriott Center, 7:30, 378-2981. Feb 12-20, Ballet West's Winter Performance, 355-ARTS.

Feb 13, Timothy Liu will read at Café Haven in Orem at 7:30.

Feb 17, "Beyond the Dream III: The Global Perspective," 10 am, 321 ELWC.

Every 2nd and 4th Sunday, Family History Classes, HBLL Library, BYU.

Sundays, KQHN Radio and Krishna Temple open house, 6 pm. Includes mantra meditation, films, and a vegetarian feast. Call 789-3559 for directions to the temple in Spanish Fork.

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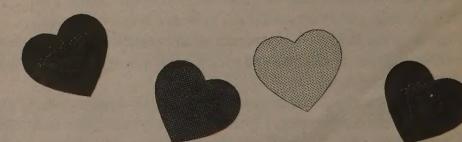
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